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VOL. 60.—No. 23.

SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882.

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ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Mme Pauline Lucca.

THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 10, will be performed
"FAUST E MARGHERITA." Margherita, Mme Pauline Lucca; Siebel, Mdle Stahl; Meisstefele, M. Gallhard; Valentino, Signor Devries; and Faust, Signor Frapoli.

Mdme Sembrich.

MONDAY next, June 12, "LUCIA DI LAMMERMOOR." Lucia, Mdme Sembrich; Enrico, Signor Pandolfini; Raimondo, Signor De Reszke; and Edgardo, Signor Mierzwinsky. Conductor—Signor DEVIGNANI.

Mdme Adelina Patti.

TUESDAY next, June 13, "DINORAH." Dinorah, Mdme Adelina Patti; Un Caprajo, Mdle Tremelli; Hoel, Signor Cotogni; and Corentino, Signor Marini.

THURSDAY next, June 15, "FRA DIAVOLO." Mdme Pauline Lucca and Signor Lestellier.

FRIDAY next, June 16, "SEMIRAMIDE." Mdme Adelina Patti and Mdle Tremelli.

SATURDAY next, June 17, "I PURITANI." Mdme Albani, Signor Cotogni, Signor De Reszke, and Signor Marini.

Doors open at 8.0; the Opera commences at 8.30. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, £1 5s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, £3 3s.; Upper Boxes, £2 12s. 6d.; Balcony Stalls, 1s.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d. Programmes, with full particulars, can be obtained of Mr Edward Hall, at the Box Office, under the Portico of the Theatre, where applications for Boxes and Stalls are to be made; also of Mr Mitchell, Messrs Lacon & Oller, Mr Bubb, Messrs Chappell & Co., and Mr Ollivier, Bond Street; Messrs Leader & Co., 62, Piccadilly; Messrs Cramer & Co., 201, Regent Street; Mr Alfred Hays, 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and 26, Old Bond Street; and of Messrs Keith, Prowse & Co., 48, Cheapside.

CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERT, THIS DAY,

June 10, at Three o'clock. The programme will include Overture, *Son and Stranger* (Mendelssohn); Symphony in D (Grieg), first time in England, conducted by the Composer; Piano-forte Concerto, No. 5, in E flat (Beethoven); Overture, *Genesee* (Schumann). Vocalists—Mdme Carlotta Badia and Mr Barton McGuckin. Solo Pianist—Signor Sgambati (Professor at the Conservatoire at Rome), his first appearance in England. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANNS. Seats, 2s. 6d., 1s. 6d., 1s., and 6d.

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THE NIBELUNG'S RING.

IV.—THE DUSK OF THE GODS. May 10.

"Everything comes to him who can wait," even the end of a Wagner trilogy, and we have now seen the dusk gather round the gods of Walhall. Dusk! at times on Tuesday evening the wish was for a sun-compelling Joshua to hurry on the night and swallow up the Scandinavian deities, with their hybrid progeny, in blackness of darkness.

Gravely opens the last grand division of the drama, or epic—which is it? We see the Walkyrie rock and "three tall females in sombre and flowing drapery." These are the Norns, the Scandinavian Fates, and, for a time, "gloomy silence reigns," save in the orchestra, which, according to the Wolzogen guide-book, announces "those mighty accords of the greeting of the world." The Norns, unhappily, do not preserve their gloomy silence. One asks, for the strange reason that the night is new, "why should we not spin and sing now?" and, as there seems no just cause or impediment, the First Norn throws the end of a golden chord over a branch of a fir tree. During one moment a wild hope surges up within us. These are the Fates, and mayhap they intend to hang Wotan. Alas! no. The rope is only a mystic plaything, which they throw one to another as, one of another, they ask riddles bearing upon the doom of the gods. Much that they speak of we know; for the rest the "three tall females" leaves us in possession of the fact that Wotan, his spear shivered by Needful, has caused his warriors to split up the "world ash," and pile the timbers around Walhall ready for a grand act of cremation. Thanks, Norns, for the news. Day breaks. Siegfried and Brünnhilde appear, the hero in his wife's armour. Our ex-Walkyrie bears the change with a good grace, and is about to bestow her horse, Grane, upon her awakener, that he might, in knightly fashion, go forth to seek adventures. They part with mutual vows of constancy; Siegfried taking from his finger the accursed ring: "All my valiant deeds of strength, their virtue sprang from this. . . . Now well preserve thou the charm, as wedding gift to my bride." Unhappy Brünnhilde! She no more knows the nature of the gift than does the giver. To the one it is a symbol of luck; to the other of love. Then Siegfried rides away, winding his horn down the mountain, Brünnhilde watching him till the curtain falls. All this is a prologue, and began on Tuesday evening at 6.30.

A new scene—the Hall of the Gibichungs on the Rhine. King Gunther, his sister Gutrune, and Hagen are at table. Mark Hagen. He is the half-brother of Gunther, and his father is Alberich, the Nibelung, for Alberich also—even he who for the gold renounced love—has raised up a son to contend for the ring. This is the man of whom Wotan was warned some time ago; Siegfried must warn him, therefore, if ever they meet. Hagen very soon reveals himself as one worthy to join in the general game of wile and deceit. He speaks to Gunther of the fire-guarded Brünnhilde and of Siegfried the mighty. Brünnhilde should the King wed, and Siegfried, Gutrune. But how to bring this about? When Siegfried comes hither give him a charmed drink, which shall make him forget the Walkyrie, fall in love with Gutrune, and become devoted to Gunther, whose will he will work. A precious plot, but consistent with the course of a story in which drugged draughts jostle open violence for conspicuous wickedness. Now is heard Siegfried's horn, and the hero rows himself across the river to the King's hall. He meets with a seeming courteous welcome from Gunther and Hagen, who soon learns from the unsuspecting guest that the tarn-helm hangs at his belt, while the ring is on Brünnhilde's finger. Gutrune advances from an inner room with the potent draught, and Siegfried drinks to his bride. At once the spell begins to work. Forgetting the Walkyrie, he burns with passion for his hostess, who retires with inviting bashfulness. Then the hero: "Hast thou a wife, Gunther?" "No, but there is one inaccessible on whom my soul is set." "Can I help thee?" Siegfried is now so far in the trap that, when he hears from the King of Brünnhilde and the fire, he offers to win her in Gunther's shape, assumed by aid of the tarn-helm. The two chiefs then mix their blood in a cup of wine, and

drink together, with the oath of blood-brotherhood, from which Hagen holds aloof, having plans of his own. Siegfried starts on the adventure at once, he and Gunther taking boat to Brünnhilde's rock; while Hagen keeps guard at home, rejoicing that the ring will soon be within reach of his hand. This is genuine drama, full of action, purpose, and interest, and not overrun by obscure or mystic talk. We are aroused by it, and eagerly await developments—the more eagerly because clearly the *dénouement* of the entire elaborate plot is not far off. The scene changes to the Walkyrie's Rock, and shows us Brünnhilde covering the Ring of her absent lord with kisses. Here, however, the action stops, to accommodate one—omitted last night—of those long and tiresome episodes which Wagner, true to his system of almost epic fulness, works out to the bitter end. Waltraute, one of the Walkyrie's sisters, comes from Walhall to tell a sad story of wicked old Wotan. His sins have found him out, and now—we gathered all this from the riddles of the Norns—he and his war-men are sitting in Walhall, helpless, despairing; waiting for the end of their power. Yet there is one hope, since Wotan has been heard to say, "The day the Rhine's three daughters gain by surrender from her (Brünnhilde) the Ring, from the curse's load released are gods and men." Will not Brünnhilde, pleads Waltraute, give the bauble back to its rightful guardians? But gone has all the banished Walkyrie's regard for the things she once prized. She lives for Siegfried alone, and his gift she certainly will not surrender, were it to save a thousand Walhalls. "I'll lose not love from my heart; no 'hest shall hinder my loving; sooner to ruins Walhall's splendour shall crash." With this answer, woeful Waltraute retires; and Siegfried's horn is heard in the valley. Brünnhilde, exulting, goes to meet him; but recoils before a man strange of aspect, whom we know to be no other than her oblivious husband in the form of Gunther. The new-comer claims her for his own by right of force: "The night doth fall, thy room I demand;" but Brünnhilde invokes the protecting power of the Ring. She appeals, alas! to the Ring's lord, and, wresting the fatal gold from her, Siegfried commands her to lead him to her chamber, first, however, drawing his sword: "Now, Needful, witness thou that chaste my wooing is. To seal my oath to my brother, separate me from his bride." With this the act ends, leaving us in the old familiar atmosphere of trickery, deceit, and dishonour. There were twenty minutes on Tuesday night wherein to breathe a purer air, and mayhap to call for water, as Pilate did, wherein to wash one's hands.

When the second act opens we are again at the Hall of the Gibichungs; listening to a conference between Alberich and his worthy son, Hagen. So far the curse of the ring has not fallen upon either Siegfried or Brünnhilde; for they, knowing nothing of its power, use it not. Nevertheless, Hagen is enjoined to wrest it from them by any means: and promises dutiful obedience to his precious sire, the more readily because, were once the gold to return to the Rhine, it would be irrecoverable, and its potency vanish as a dream. Siegfried now appears in his own proper form, but alone. The false Gunther has handed over poor deceived Brünnhilde to the real one, and the pair are coming at leisure. As for Siegfried, he tells Gutrune of the success of the plot, and bids her prepare to receive the bride and bridegroom, who presently come hailed by the vassals with rejoicing. One in the company does not rejoice, and that one is Brünnhilde. Slowly and sadly she advances to the hall, to be met there by Siegfried, her rightful lord, hand in hand with Gutrune. She recoils in amaze, and listens in wonder while the unconscious hero introduces Gunther's sister as his affianced wife. But the Ring is on his finger, and Brünnhilde sees it. Pointing to Gunther, she exclaims—"Thou hold'st it wrongly. It was ravished by this man." The detestable scheme is at once revealed. Siegfried declares that truly he had gained the Ring, but not from Gunther, who, knowing nothing about the bauble, asserts that he had not given it to his friend. Amid the general embroilment, one thing is clear to the injured woman—Siegfried had played her a trick, and all her rage and scorn bursts forth. Henceforth a spirit of revenge possesses her. She accuses Siegfried of having been false to Gunther as well as to herself; and while the hero makes oath that he had respected

the bride of his friend; while the wedding festivities of Siegfried and Gutrune go on, she remains outside the hall, listening to the tempter, Hagen, who learns then and there the secret that Siegfried is vulnerable only in the back. Presently these two are joined by Gunther, still doubtful of his honour, and the curtain descends as the three swear the death of him who, by artifice, had fallen into evil ways. If, in the foregoing remarks, we have ceased to tabulate crimes, it is only because we find no names for them in the statute book. What offence is that which takes away a man's memory to make him a traitor to his own honour, and wreck a woman's existence? Or that which swears a lie to compass revenge? Or that which stirs up despair to recklessness of dearest life? There is no criminal nomenclature for such deeds as these, more than that to which the *Macbeth* witch refers—each is a “deed without a name.”

The last act opens in a valley on the Rhine bank, whence we see the daughters of the river disporting themselves, as they await a chance of recovering their lost treasure. Siegfried, out hunting with Gunther and Hagen, wanders that way alone, and from him the nymphs try to obtain the Ring; first by blandishments, and next by warnings of approaching fate. But all is in vain. “For a gaze of love gladly I'd leave it,” says the hero, “if you threaten my limbs, though, and life, hardly you'll win from my hands the Ring.” On this, with another warning, the Rhine Daughters disappear, while Siegfried, with a smile, reflects, “Alike on land and water, women's ways I've learnt to know.” The rest of the hunters appear, and a meal is spread. After discursive talk, Siegfried tells some of his adventures, relating a number of those we have ourselves witnessed in action. As he nears his first encounter with Brünnhilde, wily Hagen—who knows that his memory of her is a blank—secretly brews another wicked drink to restore it, and proffers his cup at the critical moment. The charm works. The betrayed hero's tale runs glibly on, and Gunther soon hears of Siegfried's connection with Brünnhilde. Now the fatal moment has come. Diverting his victim's attention to the flight of a raven, Hagen stabs the hero in the back—(Crime, statutable, the eleventh—murder)—calls the act “retribution,” and stalks gloomily homewards. Dying, Siegfried is himself again, and invokes Brünnhilde, his beloved. Dead, the vassals bear him out of sight in solemn procession, to the strains of that magnificent march which will ever rank among Wagner's greatest achievements. Now we are shown the Hall of the Gibichungs once more. It is night, and Gutrune awaits the coming of her husband, announced by Hagen, who, with sinister meaning, exclaims, “Fair booty, bring me along.” The booty is Siegfried's corpse, at sight of which the Hall resounds with Gutrune's lamentations and reproaches. Of these Hagen is heedless. On the dead finger rests the Ring, and he claims it. Gunther, intervening, is struck dead by the Nibelung's son (crime the twelfth—murder), who then snatches at the precious treasure. But the clenched hand of the corpse rises threateningly, and all recoil in terror. At that moment Brünnhilde appears. What is the sorrow of Gutrune to hers? Long she looks at the body of her hero, then orders a funeral pyre to be built on the margin of the river. She contemplates the greatest sacrifice—of herself to Siegfried's manes, of the Ring to the Daughters of the Rhine—and bids Wotan's ravens carry the news to Walhall. Taking the Ring from Siegfried's finger, she fires the pyre, invokes her hero, and rushes into the midst of the flames. (Crime the thirteenth—suicide.) As the pyre collapses the Rhine swells up, and its daughters swim forward to grasp the Ring. Hagen, too, rushes at the prize, but is seized by two of the nymphs, who drown him—(crime the fourteenth—murder)—while the third secures the gold and holds it up rejoicingly. Then the entire play ends with a holocaust. Walhall appears in the distance all on fire. The reign of Wotan and his crew has come to an end through the power of love, and Brünnhilde has done “the deed that shall redeem the world.”

From the foregoing outline sketch it is clear that the dramatic construction of the *Dusk of the Gods* approaches nearly to that of ordinary opera. More abundant incident animates the stage; there is far less than usual in the *Nibelung's Ring* of monologue and

duologue, and there are more concerted vocal passages, including some for a male chorus. On account of these things, the drama plays with comparative briskness, and is but slightly affected by the mystic utterances of the Norns and other prosy personages. The chief chatterer, Wotan, happily, does not appear, and, rid of him, the rest can be endured. That the incidents are laid out with skill need hardly be said. In admirable gradation they lead up to the catastrophe, while the duologue is often made attractive by poetic beauty. Had Wagner dealt with this libretto according to the fashion of *Lohengrin*, the result would have been a splendid opera. As it is, we fear the *Dusk of the Gods* does not take the first place in the trilogy, but ranks after both the *Walkyrie* and *Siegfried*—certainly after the first-named. Yet there are in the work many splendid pages, as, for example, the passionate music of Siegfried and Brünnhilde's parting; the *finale* to the first act; the rude and realistic scene wherein a chorus is for once employed; the splendid Dead March, which, far better than being a thematic epitome of the hero's life, is a glorious specimen of emotional music; and last, not least, the final sacrifice of Brünnhilde. In these instances and all such, we again declare, the master rises above and overhadows the arbitrary system he has created. “Form is good,” said William Penn, “but not formality.” Making a like distinction of terms, we assert that Wagner here shows how much better is art than artifice. On the other hand, a great deal of the music belongs to the second of these categories rather than the first. Ingenious it may be, and full of significance to those who have mastered its peculiar language, but ugly and painful it certainly is. Such passages we must decline to accept as music at all, since they have not the character, nor do they discharge the functions of the art. Just here is the fundamental point of difference between acceptors and rejectors of the Wagnerian mode. We, the latter, contend that music is simply the language of emotion; they, the former, make it stand as representative of persons, places, things, and thoughts, from the ugliness or beauty of which it takes form and character. The two points of belief are wide as the poles asunder; but around one gather the traditions of the art, and the practice of great masters; the other, emanating from a single powerful mind, is only a few years old. Regarding Tuesday night's performance, a few words will suffice. Again Frau Vogl won unanimous approval by her impersonation of the hapless Walkyrie. As the tragedy darkened to its close her dramatic power was more and more displayed, till it reached a point not far from greatness. Alike in appearance, bearing, and intensity of expression, Frau Vogl satisfied the requirements of a very arduous part. Fräulein Schreiber, as Gutrune, was adequate, if not striking, a remark equally applicable to the Hagen of Herr Schelper and the Gunther of Herr Wiegand. On the other hand, Herr Vogl played Siegfried with combined intelligence and spirit; acting in a manly and unaffected way, and declaiming the dialogue with no less aptness of expression than power of voice. The subordinate parts were generally well filled, and the orchestra excited less unfavourable observation than heretofore. Three more cycles remaining to be represented, we may find another opportunity for some final remarks upon the *Nibelung's Ring* as a whole.

STUTTGART.—In consequence of an engagement at the Stadttheater, Frankfurt-on-the-Maine, Mdme Hänfstaagl requested that she might be released from her engagement at the Theatre Royal; but the King has refused compliance, on the ground that such talent as hers cannot be spared.

BASLE.—Following the example set four years ago by their colleagues in Zurich, the members of the Vocal Union here have given two performances of J. S. Bach's Mass in B minor, in the Cathedral. Thanks to untiring exertions, the somewhat hazardous experiment proved fully successful. Volkland was conductor, and Glaus organist.

PESTH.—Shortly before the close of the season each of the two large theatres announced a novelty—Boito's *Mefistofele* at the National-Theatre, and Offenbach's *Contes d'Hoffmann* at the Folk's. Despite the *mise-en-scène* and spirited rendering, *Mefistofele* was but coldly received; while, on the contrary, the *Contes d'Hoffmann* was much applauded.

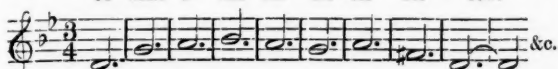
FORM, OR DESIGN, IN VOCAL MUSIC.

(Continued from page 285.)

In part II.* there is more variety of key. No. 7 is a recitative going through several keys to a close in B flat, the dominant of the next movement. No. 8, in E flat, is a duet, "Come, my Saviour, and restore me," in the form of the madrigal; for each idea, words and music, is completed before the next is begun. There is much imitation of phrases, with tonic and dominant keys interchanged in the early part, with more modulation towards the middle, and return to tonic key for the close of the movement. No. 9, in G minor, contains the choral,

Ex. 177.

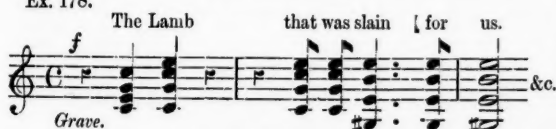
Of what a - vail our bit - ter sor - row.



which is first sung by the chorus of tenors, with counterpoints for the treble, alto, and bass solos; and afterwards, to another verse by the chorus of trebles, the counterpoints being given to the alto, tenor, and bass chorus. This movement ends with a long drawn-out close on the major chord of the tonic (*Tierce de Picardie*).

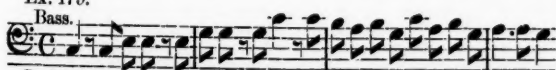
From this point the keys of the cantata must be considered rather in relation to the major form of the original key of C than to the minor, in which it began. The final number is in C major, which must be considered in relation to the whole cantata as a large *Tierce de Picardie*, or cadence on the major form of the tonic chord; and in relation to that final number, the key (F) of the last but one (No. 10) stands as sub-dominant, and the close in G major of the No. 9, which we have just described, stands as dominant. Following, then, the G major close of the chorus, No. 9, is the movement in F, No. 10, a solo in the Scarlatti form, "Rejoice, O my spirit, in thy consolation." The final number, No. 11, has an introduction somewhat parallel to the *scena* which precedes an *aria*; for it is in changing keys and declamatory.

Ex. 178.



It is brought to a full close in the key of G, dominant of C, the key of the principal and concluding portion of the movement. This is a fugue on the words "Praise, and honour, and glory, and power be to our God for evermore. Hallelujah. Amen."

Ex. 179.



Praise, and honour, and glory, and pow'r,

Secular works of similar plan, but, of course, without the choral tune, are called in Germany after the words on which they are written. For instance, Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night* and Schumann's *Paradise and the Peri* are both called ballads, in allusion to the ballad-form of the poetry. Of late years, it has been the habit in England alone to give the name "cantata" to both sacred and secular works of this construction. Sterndale Bennett's *May Queen*, Henry Smart's *Bride of Dunkerron*, and his *Fisher-maidens*,* are cantatas, and many others, both sacred and secular, by living composers. Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* is entitled a *sacred cantata*, as if to imply that a cantata is properly a secular composition. The sacred works of this kind differ only in length from the oratorio, and sometimes approach so nearly that nothing but the humility of the composer prevents them from being called so.

OPERA.

It is said that opera originated with the Greeks, and that their tragedies were sung or intoned throughout, and were, therefore, the first operas. It seems impossible to determine now how

much the Greek music consisted of actual melody, or how much it was simply a measured rhythmic intonation through the resonating masks which the actors wore. The mask magnified the sound, and, as well as the rhythmic intonation, was used, like the intoning in a cathedral service of the present day, to enable the voice to travel a great distance, and thus to fill the large open air theatres. Whatever may have been the actual Greek use, the history of opera has been a series of efforts to rise to the ideal of a complete musical or lyrical drama, and whether that ideal is truly Greek or not, it is certainly a true artistic ideal.

In the later years of the Renaissance, when every other art had been revived on the Greek model, Caccini and Peri, instigated by a cluster of noble amateurs and musicians at Florence, wrote operas on what they believed to be the Greek model of the drama (1597 and onwards).* These were in recitative throughout, free as to time, and designed so as to give the utmost power to the accents of the words, and thus to be truly declamatory. Caccini and Peri were singers, and so were eminently fitted to invent a style of music which was to depend so entirely on the use of the voice, both verbally and vocally.

Monteverde followed a few years later (1607), and he, being not a singer, but a theoretical musician as well as a practical composer, added his power to the invention of his predecessors by using a large orchestra instead of the three or four instruments and the figured bass of their works; and this, with the varied combinations he used in his thickly harmonized accompaniments, gave particular effects to each character and each scene.

Cavalli (1640) and Cesti (1649) followed, and brought rhythmic melody into opera, where it had been refused admittance before as childish and not worthy of the great Greek school of art.

After them came Alessandro Scarlatti, a man of great learning as well as genius, the whole force of which he put into his operas (1680). He is supposed to have been the first to use interludes or phrases for the orchestra between the vocal phrases; and it is thought to be about his time that the difference began to be made between speaking recitative with its lute or harpsichord accompaniment, and accompanied recitative with full orchestral accompaniment and interludes. He also used in his operas that earliest vocal form which has been described in previous pages as the Scarlatti form. Though this particular form is somewhat undramatic in the exactness of its repetition of the first part, yet much is owing to Scarlatti for this first introduction of an air of complete design. An air, in any of the later designs that have grown from this, is as fitting in its proper place in the musical drama as a soliloquy is in the spoken drama. We cannot even in real life be always running about the world; we must sometimes stay awhile and think. So, doubtless, thought Scarlatti when he held his hero for a moment to meditate; so, doubtless, thought Shakspeare when he made Hamlet stand and think, "To be, or not to be," and made Desdemona sit and sing about the willow.

Unfortunately, art, like all growing things, must either improve or go back, and after Scarlatti came many composers who cultivated the set airs and forgot the drama which was the origin of the airs; and opera became a chain of airs in a prescribed order, sung by a prescribed number of singers of prescribed kinds of voice.

Gluck set himself to reform these and other abuses in the opera of his day, and began this reformation with his opera *Alceste*, in 1767. He wished to go back to the original ideal of Caccini and Peri, namely, Greek drama, wherein the drama was to be the first thing to be thought of, and music was to heighten and strengthen its effect. But Gluck, unlike Caccini and Peri, did not deem that all that was best and most beautiful in music must be cast aside and nothing kept but that which was dreariest and most monotonous, so that, maybe, poetry and action might shine by the poverty of music; nor did he, like Monteverde, think of the orchestra as the principal means of distinguishing characters and scenes from one another. On the contrary, Gluck added the experience of his predecessors to his own genius and dramatic feeling, and, therefore, in his effort to strengthen the expression of the poetry and the action of the drama by music, he used all the means that music gave him.

* Of Bach's cantata, *My Spirit was in Heaviness*.

† Macfarren's *May Day*, *Lenore*, *Outward-bound*, &c.—Dr Blidge.

* The dates of opera-composers given are the dates of the production of their first opera.

Good judges say that he had not a perfect knowledge of music, so that in some points he may have failed to use everything that was possible; but all that he had he used and despised nothing. Music must be the help-mate and not the abject slave of poetry and the drama, and to be a fit help-mate she must have all her faculties and powers. If the dramatic poet is to ride upon Pegasus, with advantage, he must not cut off his wings or his legs. Bridle him if you will but lame him not.

Many composers since Gluck's day, as well as those before him, have not written up to the standard which he set up, but we cannot do otherwise than consider those the noblest who have best striven to do so.

OLIVERIA PRESCOTT.

(To be continued.)

MICHAEL WILLIAM BALFE.

(From the "Morning Post.")

The Dean of Westminster, Dr Bradley, in giving permission to erect a tablet to the memory of Michael William Balfe in the noble and time-honoured Abbey over which he presides, has done an act of grace and of justice. There are few names better known in the musical world than that of the composer of the *Bohemian Girl*, whether it be in or out of England. The number and variety of his works, and the lasting popularity of many of his melodies, is a strong testimony to the influence his genius exercised over his countrymen; and the respect paid to his talent in the great continental musical centres is a further proof that his accomplishments were recognized in those countries where the possibility of the existence of an English composer was a matter hard to believe. His music did not minister to a merely ephemeral taste, neither did it derive its success from his personal influence. Had such been the case he would in all probability have outlived his works, and have regretted the fickleness of popular fancy. But only last week an English opera company performed three of his works in Birmingham, and each night there were more people presenting themselves for admission than the house could hold, and many had to retire in disappointment. Some of his music is constantly given in France, and in Germany the *Vier Haimon's Kinder* especially, and one or two others of his operas are among the most attractive of the stock pieces of the several theatres. In London, where, like the Athenians of old, audiences are ever on the look out for some new thing, his ballads are always welcome and productive of delight. His melodies, fraught with a special character, have given rise to new thought in music, and his name has been used as the basis of a new adjective to qualify the description of music written in a manner he was the first to employ. The sweetness of his melodies, their influence over the feelings by their truly emotional character, justify his claim to be considered as a national composer, one who has done good in his generation and added much by his gifts to the number of pure pleasures all with ears to hear and hearts to feel can enjoy. The honour to be paid to his memory in Westminster Abbey is therefore an act of grace.

In the reign of Queen Elizabeth English musical genius was encouraged and recognized both at home and abroad. The progress of development in all arts and sciences was checked by the events which occurred in the subsequent reigns. When "the peaceful arts once more did smile" the attempt to elevate native musical skill to the position it once occupied was successfully made by Pelham Humfrey, whom King Charles sent to France to study under the great Lully, and by the pupil of Humfrey, greater than his master, the immortal Henry Purcell. Both of these great men lie in the peaceful cloisters of the Abbey. More than half a century after the death of Purcell, during which time English art was crushed out of life by the unpatriotic patronage of foreign musicians, Dr Arne exerted his genius in the furtherance of the design suggested by Purcell, and produced music which was not only successful in its day, but which still lives fresh and green, a triumphant proof of the lasting character of native musical power. In his *Artaxerxes* he sought to prove the possibility of English opera after the accepted model of fashionable Italian opera, and succeeded so far as to enable his model work to continue its popularity until a greater genius than himself arose. Originally produced in 1762, Dr Arne's *Artaxerxes* kept the stage until the year 1838, the same year which saw the production of Balfe's first English opera, *The Siege of Rochelle*. There are many yet living who can still recall the extraordinary effect this work created at the time, and there are thousands who have never seen the opera whose hearts have been gladdened by the sweetness and touching simplicity of many of its melodious extracts. Balfe, hitherto known only as an accomplished and well-trained vocalist, was now acknowledged to be the possessor of the

rarest gifts that ever excited the admiration of his compatriots. From that time onward his career was one altogether unprecedented in this country. An inexhaustible store of tunefulness seemed to be at his command, and

"With smiling grace he roused the Muse
Whose beautiful charms enslaved the soul."

Opera after opera he gave to the world, scoring a success for each successful score, each increasing in popularity and power, though produced with astonishing rapidity, the bombastic absurdity of many of his librettos never interfering with the hearty reception accorded to his music. So great was the fascination of his genius that it imparted a poetical strength to words which, taken by themselves, seemed to be inconsequential nonsense. Sir Henry Bishop, whose beautiful songs, glees, and choruses contributed towards the success of a number of dramas, had the advantage of the collaboration of some of the best contemporary poets, and many of his ballads which still hold sway over the popular mind are marked by true poetical expression in the words, so that "voice and verse, twin-born harmonious sisters," unite to strengthen their hold upon the mind. Balfe's music supplies the sentiment and motion often lacking or only dimly indicated in the words with which they are associated. It calls into strong life those feelings which the poet strove but failed to give birth to, and therefore it may be truly said that Balfe was a poet in music whose expressions never fail to touch the chord of sympathy.

That this power was not confined in its recognition to his own countrymen, there are many pieces of evidence to prove. Balfe was invited to write operas to Italian and to French librettos, and there are some which have become popular through the medium of the German tongue. The greatest dramatic poets and musicians contemporary with him have claimed artistic fellowship with his genius. The universality of his talents has been admitted on all sides. Rossini held him to be as Italian as the Italians; Scribe and Auber welcomed him as having all the *esprit* expected in the best French musicians; it has been also happily said that the music of Balfe is in the blood of the Germans, and Englishmen are proud to claim him as thoroughly national. The honour now to be paid to his memory in the venerable Abbey of Westminster, the place where so much of native genius is peacefully commemorated, is therefore not only an act of grace, but an act of justice. The concession granted by the sympathetic ruler of that ancient pile is one which should awaken a feeling of gratitude in the heart of every musician, for it is not only that the memory of Balfe is kept green by the refreshing dew of distinguished recognition in a more tangible form than that which his never-dying melodies supplies, but the whole principle and value of national musical art is thereby acknowledged, and a distinct honour is reflected upon all English musicians.

MUSICAL COPYRIGHT.—You are an amateur with a nice voice, and you are asked to sing at a charity concert. You cheerfully accept, and deliver some favourite old ditty such as "She wore a Wreath of Roses," with great effect. You afterwards discover that in the audience you had at least one highly appreciative listener, for within a day or two you receive a letter from an enterprising gentleman, who says that he is agent for the holder of the copyright of the above song, and who threatens proceedings in case a certain fine is not paid forthwith. As you are informed that legally this gentleman is within his rights, and that you have not a leg to stand upon, you pay the money, but your enthusiasm for singing at charitable concerts is thereafter visibly cooled. Now it is a monstrous thing that a carelessly-worded enactment should enable these crafty spiders to make prey of poor musical flies who buzz unawares into their nets. So Mr Gorst has brought in a Bill which enacts that if the owner of a musical copyright desires to retain in his hands the right of public representation he must print a notice to that effect outside the cover of the piece. We hope Mr Chamberlain will support this sensible little Bill, which deals with a downright injustice, and will not insist on Mr Gorst waiting (as he hinted on Monday night) till the copyright question can be dealt with as a whole. The copyright question as a whole is a very complicated affair, and is chiefly interesting to publishers and authors,* who are quite capable of looking after their own interests, and who do manage, even under the present confessedly defective system, to secure pretty completely what they want; whereas this manifest abuse of musical copyright affects the public generally, and inflicts anxiety and pecuniary loss on a set of inexperienced persons, who deserve encouragement rather than punishment.—*Graphic*.

* By no means always music-publishers, who are oftener preyed upon than preying.—D.B.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

That melody, pure and simple, still retains its charm for the public was evident on Tuesday night by the spontaneous applause bestowed upon the performance of Bellini's *La Sonnambula*. Madame Sembrich, by admirable vocal art, then showed that the vein of melody opened up by the Sicilian composer fifty years ago still yields materials worthy of the singer's highest skill. In the *cantabile* passages her phrasing, marked, as it was, by inflections of tone and grace of accent, seemed a direct inheritance from the singers, who, from the time of Pasta to the present, have made the part of Amina illustrious in operatic history. The florid and sometimes erratic embellishments of the melodious text were invariably executed with surprising force and agility. Throughout Madame Sembrich's impersonation of Amina many excellent qualities were revealed; but the chief characteristic was undoubtedly vocal skill that never once faltered. The audience, after the daring flights in "Ah! non giunge," recalled the singer to testify by loud applause their gratification. M. Mussart (Elvino) made his *début* on the Covent Garden stage on this occasion. This gentleman at once secured the sympathy and goodwill of the audience by youthfulness appropriate to the part. Indeed, it is not often that the stage-lover is seen to depend so little upon his "make-up" as did M. Mussart. But if he has the attraction of youth, it is not unaccompanied with the defects inseparable from inexperience. Freshness of voice, does not fully atone for comparatively unfinished vocalization, nor a juvenile appearance for the aids that come from stage training. Further opportunities of study and practice will, doubtless, make M. Mussart a very acceptable lyric artist; but Covent Garden is hardly the place in which to serve a novitiate. Signor de Reszke (Rodolfo) was successful as far as regards the bearing of the character, but overdrawn sentiment occasionally marred his otherwise excellent singing. Signor Bevigiani kept his orchestral forces in mind of the fact that the interest for that night was centred on the stage.

Lohengrin, performed for the first time this season on Thursday evening, was put upon the stage with the magnificence that has made Covent Garden famous, every opportunity offered for display being utilized to the utmost. The orchestra, holding such an important place in Wagner's works, carried out as usual the designs of the author by giving clear and ample expression to the ideas, sentiments, and passions of the stage. For instance, the instrumental illustrations of the lugubrious scene in the second act, where Federico and Ortruda moan and plot together, were effectively rendered. But throughout the evening the band was admirable. By far the most commendable feature in the performance was Mdme Albani's impersonation of Elsa, and the trait in the character especially accentuated was its womanliness. Mdme Albani never lifts Elsa into the regions of the heroic, but always keeps her subdued and essentially feminine. When before her foes, in the opening scene, she patiently bore unjust accusations, and showed no hate or revenge as the sword of Lohengrin avenged her; when, at the promptings of pity she admitted the cunning sorceress into her house to reinstate her into love and favour; when, yielding to the tempter, she gave way to a curiosity that rebelled even against her marriage vow; and when the full extent of the misery thus wrought by imprudence was laid before her—in all and each of these situations Mdme Albani kept the true woman well in view. That her fine voice afforded full and ready aid in working out so well-conceived a part will be taken for granted. M. Sylva gave a manly rendering of Lohengrin, singing the music with vigour, and acting with the judgment that comes of ripe experience. This gentleman may not present an ideal knight, but he is, all the same, an accomplished artist. M. Gresse (King) was tremulous in voice, which, if designedly so, to stimulate extreme age, was, perhaps, not out of place. But why did M. Dauphin (Herold) attempt to vie with him? If *vibrato* be a fashion the sooner it is discarded the better. Mdle Stahl, as Ortruda, avoiding the repulsive side of this unattractive character, gave the delineation expected from so thoughtful and efficient an artist. Signor Cotogni was the Telramund we all know so well.

P. G.

* * * * *

Il Seraglio was generally well given on Monday night, above all as regards the two female characters, Costanza (Mdme Sembrich) and Biondina (Mdme Valleria). The Hungarian soprano appeared in her very best form. Like most genuine artists, she does not move along a dead level, but encounters the ups and downs incidental to susceptible temperaments. Throughout *Il Seraglio* she was, so to speak, on a hill; singing with rare facility, enthusiasm, and expression. The rendering by Mdme Sembrich of the famous and, generally considered, impossible air, "Märten aller Arten," could not have been surpassed by any living singer. It was a magnificent vocal effort, and called forth the greatest enthusiasm

—not the enthusiasm of bouquets and flower-baskets, at which sensible people laugh, but that of genuine and spontaneous applause. The Biondina of Mdme Valleria commanded equal approval for its own special qualities. Not only did the artist, always trustworthy, sing her music with as much apt expression as real skill, but she acted in the true spirit of comedy, entering into each situation, and considering no touch superfluous however likely to be overlooked. This was apparent above all in the amusing scene with Osmin, but, as a matter of fact, at no moment when Mdme Valleria trod the stage did the audience miss a sprightly, and, at the same time, artistic Biondina. The Belmonte of Signor Frapelli could scarcely be accused of excessive sprightliness. Nevertheless, the Italian tenor sang with taste and commanded approval, as did, for various reasons, M. Gailhard, a humorous Osmin; M. Soulaire, a lively Pedrillo; and Signor Scolara, a portly and pompous Selim. The choral and orchestral music gave no cause for other than satisfaction with the conductor, M. Dupont.

On Tuesday *L'Africaine* was revived, with the part of Selika entrusted to Mdme Pauline Lucca, as it used to be in the days when Meyerbeer's "Swan's Song" was fresher to the public ear than now. Selika is one of the characters that fall naturally to the German *prima donna*, and in the embodiment of which it seems impossible for her to be other than truthful and picturesque. Mdme Lucca's success, therefore, was assured beforehand, the more positively because no impersonation of all that she has given on our stage is better remembered. In the ten years that have elapsed since she last played Selika amongst us, her conception of the part has not changed. She still presents the African princess as a woman whose magnanimity of soul is greater than even the force of her passion, and who, though impulsive and imperious, knows how to make sacrifice and to die. Whether by art or by instinct matters not, this is the Selika which Mdme Lucca portrays in bold and decided outline, and than this Selika no other could so readily evoke approval and applause. Inez had a charming representative in Mdme Valleria, who, by the power of her sympathetic acting and singing, invested the character with more interest than naturally belongs to it, while the very pronounced dramatic method of Signor Pandolfini secured excellent results in that of Nelusko. Exaggeration here was barely possible, and the artist's besetting weakness became for once a source of strength. As Don Pedro M. Gresse showed himself careful and efficient, while M. Sylva was musically successful as Vasco di Gama. He sang throughout intelligently and well, bearing himself, moreover, as gallantly as possible under the weight of a character quite as contemptible as the Polliane of *Norma*. Several "cuts," more or less open to question, were made in the usual acting version of the opera. It was curious to note that the famous orchestral unison-prelude to the last act, once always doubly encoored, passed without a "hand." Signor Bevigiani was, as usual, an excellent conductor.

THE NATIONAL ANTHEM FOR INDIA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—May the public learn that the suggestion recently made by the writer of a leading article in the *Daily Telegraph* will be acted upon? Whilst favourably advocating the project of translating the National Anthem into fourteen Eastern languages, and scattering it broadcast through the length and breadth of India, *The Telegraph* expresses the opinion that, if it is to win its way among the native population, the music as well as the words should be Oriental. A letter will immediately be forwarded to Dr Sourindro Mohun Tagore, of Calcutta, the principal authority upon Hindu music, requesting him to secure the services of the best native composer and a melody which shall at once suit Oriental taste and the measure of the translated hymn.

May I further say that the first of these translations (the Hindustani) has been heard and approved by about 200 of the best judges. It is now ready to be sent out, only waiting until those who can afford to befriend India will permit this seed of loyal unanimity to be sown upon its plains.—With compliments, Sir, I remain your obedient servant,

FREDERICK K. HARBORD.

COLOGNE.—During the past season at the Stadttheater, there were 139 performances of 38 different operas, the novelties being *Der Widerspenstigen Zähmung*, Goetz; *Genoveva*, Schumann; *Der Dämon*, Rubinstein; *Die Grille*, Semet; *Die Götterdämmerung*, Wagner; *Idomeneus* and *Cost fan Tutte*, Mozart.

TURIN.—The International Musical Festival, which was to take place this summer, has been postponed till the summer of 1884, when it will be given in connection with the National Exhibition.

* A genuine Italian tenor—a *vera aris* now-a-days.—Dr Blüthgen.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S Chamber Music Concerts, GROSVENOR GALLERY.

SIXTH CONCERT, WEDNESDAY EVENING NEXT, JUNE 14,
At Half-past Eight o'clock.

Programme.

QUARTET, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, in D,
Op. 76, No. 5 J. Haydn.
CONCERTO ITALIANO, Pianoforte, in F major S. Bach.
SONATA, Piano and Violin, in A minor, Op. 105 Schumann.
GRAND QUINTET, Piano, Two Violins, Viola, and Violoncello, in F minor, Op. 34 Brahms.

Executants—M^{me} Norman-Néruda, M^{rs}. Charles Hallé, L. Ries,
Straus, and Franz Néruda.

Tickets, 7s. 6d. and 5s., of Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and at the
Grosvenor Gallery Ticket Office.

THE funeral of Mrs Sullivan took place at Brompton Cemetery on Thursday, the 1st June. The coffin and the open car upon which it was carried were covered with wreaths and crosses of beautiful white flowers, sent by numerous attached friends of the deceased lady. Mr Arthur Sullivan, her sole surviving son, was chief mourner, and with him were the widow and children of his late brother, Mr Frederic Sullivan, Mr John Sullivan, his uncle, and the following invited relations and friends: Captain Hutchinson (who married Mrs Frederic Sullivan), Mr B. Findon, Mr Tom Chappell, Mr Frederic Clay, Mr Ballard Carter, Mr Edward Dicey, Mr A. Dremel, Mr George Grove, Mr E. A. Hall, and Mr Smythe. Besides these, there were assembled at the grave Messrs D'Oyly Carte, Arthur Cecil, Frank Cellier, Louis Engel, Michael Gunn, Douglas Grant, George Grossmith, Stanley Lucas, Rev. J. R. Richardson, M^{me} Montigny, and many other relations and personal friends of the deceased, including many ladies. The service was read by the Rev. Thomas Helmore, Priest-in-Ordinary to the Queen and Master of the Children of H.M. Chapels Royal, who, from the time Mr Arthur Sullivan entered the choir of the Chapel Royal under his tuition, twenty-eight years ago, has been the attached and faithful friend of Mr Sullivan and his family. H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh sent his private secretary, Mr G. F. Bambridge, to represent him, as a mark of respect to the memory of the deceased, for whom His Royal Highness had a great regard.

MR HENRY HERSEE has *not* resigned the position of Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, a fact which all well-wishers to that time-honoured institution will be glad to learn.

MR HENRY IRVING has entered into an engagement with Mr Henry F. Abbey, the American Colossus, to make a professional tour of the United States and Canada, commencing in New York, October 29, 1883. Mr Irving will be accompanied by Miss Ellen Terry and the Lyceum company.

AMONG those present at Rossini's funeral, in Paris, was Auber. On returning, after the ceremony, the witty composer, who was eighty-four, observed to his colleague, Gounod: "I fancy this is the last time I shall attend a funeral *en amateur*."

ABOUT M^{me} Sarah Bernhardt, who is renewing her triumphs at Mr Hollingshead's theatre, we shall speak in our next. Her engagement is a short one; but every play in which she appears is worth hearing, and should be heard by admirers of her transcendent acting.

MARRIAGE.

On June the 5th, at St Botolph's, Bishopsgate, by the Rev. William Rogers, M.A., Rector, Chaplain-in-Ordinary to the Queen, EDWARD BRYDGES WILLYAMS, M.P., of Carnanton, Cornwall, to EMILY, daughter of J. M. Levy, Esq., of 51, Grosvenor Street, W.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 10, 1882.

IL SERAGLIO.

(From the "Daily Telegraph.")

It may be an offence against the ethics of operatic management to select works for the *prima donna* instead of the *prima donna* for the works, but this course is not an unmitigated evil. To it was certainly owing the production of Mozart's *Il Seraglio* last season, and the same cause operated for its revival on Monday night. Few directors, even those of classical inclinations, are fortunate enough to command the services of an artist equal to the music of Costanza, while it may be that fewer still would find such an exceptionally gifted singer willing to prefer Mozart to the more catching and frivolous Italian composers. Mr Gye and M^{me} Sembrich are exceptions to the rule. The manager has the artist, and the artist has the preference; the public, on their part, being gainers by the opportunity of witnessing an opera which, musically considered, is one long delight. Our attention has of late been demanded by a form of lyric drama to which *Il Seraglio* presents the greatest possible contrast. We have seen music in humble attendance upon the play, the one being dominated by the other, bored by the other, compelled to forms of ugliness by the other, till not only its rightful supremacy but its native charm has been almost lost. In Mozart's work this position is entirely reversed. There music reigns, and the drama is but an opportunity for its expression. Poor, halting drama we grant it to be, without much interest either of character or situation. But this matters little. The loves of Costanza and Belmonte, the fortunes of Biondina and Pedrillo, and the humours of Selim, give pretext for a series of delightful musical pieces which appeal to us with the eloquence of natural truth and consummate art, which are not encumbered by arbitrary meanings, and do not require sign-posts or guide-books. Admitting that *Il Seraglio* scarcely illustrates the ideal union of music and drama, it is, at least, faulty on the right side. It never bores us with far-fetched theories which spoil both arts, but gives us at least music in its purity. The performance of Mozart's work seemed to be enjoyed by its audience, and, truly, no other result was conceivable, even in view of a representation far inferior. Who would not enjoy such a stream of delightful melody, set off by the resources of a genius which may indeed be called heaven-descended? We have lived to hear Mozart styled "infantine;" and so he is, but not in the sense meant. He is infantine in purity and freshness, in native grace and artlessness, and in the irresistible unconscious attraction which compels our love. Let us be thankful for such artistic "infants," and hope they may never grow into adults prolific of bombast and eaten up with conceit.

BAYREUTH v. PARIS.

The subjoined letter, addressed to M. Edouard, Dujardin, appeared in the *Renaissance Musicale*:

"*Bayreuth*, 17th May, 1882.
"DEAR SIR,—An extract from a newspaper which has been sent me and which I transmit you proves that the question of performing *Lohengrin* in Paris, is enveloped in obscurity; I will endeavour to put it in a clear light. Not only do I not wish *Lohengrin* to be played in Paris, but I strongly desire it may not be played there, and for the following reasons: In the first place, *Lohengrin*, having made

its way all over the world, does not require it; then it is impossible to translate it into and sing it in French so as to give any idea of what it is. As to a performance in German, I can easily conceive that the Parisians have no wish for one. With regard to the execution of fragments, I had no objection as long as they were really fragments; but now that entire acts are given at concerts, I will not deny that the practice is disagreeable to me. I gave Herr Neumann permission to play my works in Paris without, I frankly confess, thinking much what I was doing. On reflection I have begged him to abandon Paris, and, as the object of his enterprise cannot be to annoy me, I feel pretty sure I shall gain him over to my way of thinking, which I hesitate imposing absolutely upon him, because he has gone so far into the business as to incur expense. My works are essentially German and I feel confident that those among your countrymen to whom they appear, for one reason or the other, worthy of attention, will not refuse to hear them in the original.

Be kind enough, dear sir, to publish these lines, in order that those who like to know the exact truth may be correctly informed as to my opinion concerning the representation of my works in Paris.—I remain, dear sir, yours truly,

RICHARD WAGNER.*

[Poor Herr Neumann! May Aphrodite tickle, and Proserpine pickle him! Some Roman Emperor made a consul of his horse. There have been gods with feet of gold, and all the rest of them clay. The toe of the Pope has been frequently kissed of the devout.—Dr Blücher].

JUDAISM IN MUSIC.*

(Continued from page 338.)

The foregoing notice, unchanged in any essential particulars, appeared, as I have already stated, rather more than eighteen years ago, in the *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*.

Even at the present day I can scarcely comprehend how my recently deceased friend, Franz Brendel, the editor of that paper, could make up his mind to venture on publishing such an article; a man of serious purpose, who boldly looked things in the face, and was thoroughly upright and honest, he merely supposed, however, when he inserted it, that he was assigning the space imperatively demanded for the investigation of an exceedingly interesting question concerning the history of music. But the result taught him with whom he had to do. Leipzig, where he held an appointment as professor at the Conservatory of Music, had, in consequence of the labours, during a long series of years, of Mendelssohn, justly honoured as he deserved, been baptized musically according to the Jewish rite; as a critic said, complainingly, at the time, blond musicians had become more and more rare, and a place once so distinguished by its university and its great book trade, in all German matters, forgot, as far as music was concerned, everything like the feeling of local patriotism, which is, as a rule, so spontaneously characteristic of the cities of Germany; it became exclusively the Jewish musical capital. The storm which broke out against Brendel rose to such a pitch as to threaten his social existence; it was with difficulty, and solely owing to his firmness and to the calm exposition of his conviction, that his opponents were compelled to leave him in possession of his post at the Conservatory.

What soon enabled him to escape from material molestation was a characteristic turn which the affair took after the first unthinking outburst of rage on the part of those aggrieved.

I had never entertained any idea of denying, if the avowal should be requisite, that I was the author of the notice; I simply wished to prevent the question, which I had treated in a very serious and objective spirit, from being dragged at once into the domain of pure personality, and this, in my opinion, was to be expected, if my name, that is to say, the name of "a composer undoubtedly jealous of the reputation of others," were brought forward from the beginning. I appended, therefore, to the article a pseudonym: K. Freigedank, which was intentionally recognizable as such. I had communicated my object on this head to Brendel, who had the courage steadfastly to allow the storm to break over him, instead of diverting it to me, and immediately relieving himself. I soon perceived signs, nay, evident allusions, showing that I had been recognized as the author; I never answered an accusation of this kind by a denial. My opponents learned sufficient from this to change completely the system of tactics they had previously adopted. Hitherto only the heavier artillery of Judaism had been brought into the fight, to bear against the article; there was no attempt made to put forth an answer in anything like an intellectual or even skillful manner. Coarse attacks, and an insulting system of defence against

a tendency imputed to the author of the article to hate the Jews, a tendency peculiar to the Middle Ages, and disgraceful for an enlightened age like ours, together with absurd misrepresentation and falsification of what had been said—such was all that appeared. But there was now a change. At any rate, higher Judaism took the matter up. What annoyed this class of persons was the commotion that had been excited; immediately my name was known, the fact of its being brought into the discussion could only raise apprehensions that public attention would be excited still more. But a ready means of avoiding this was found in the circumstance of my having substituted a pseudonym for my real name. It now appeared advisable to continue ignoring me as the author of the article, and even to stop all talk about it. But I was to be got at in quite a different way; I had published works on art, and written operas, and I then wished to see the latter produced. A system of calumny and persecution of me as an author and a composer, the disagreeable question of Judaism being at the same time completely dropped, promised to furnish the means of wreaking upon me the punishment desired.

It would be, perhaps, arrogant on my part, as I then lived in close retirement at Zurich, were I to attempt to describe minutely the inward working of the persecution commenced against me in their turn by the Jews, and continued on a constantly increasing scale. I will merely narrate facts which anyone may verify. After the production of *Lohengrin*, at Weimar, in the summer of 1850, men of eminent artistic and literary reputation, such as Adolf Stahr and Robert Franz, came forward encouragingly in the press, to direct the attention of the German public to me and to my work; even in musical papers of suspicious tendency there appeared most important revelations for me. But this happened *only once* in the case of each of the several writers. They all became dumb immediately afterwards, or, in course of time, even hostile according to circumstances. On the other hand, a professor Bischoff, the friend and admirer of Herr Ferdinand Hiller, now cropped up in the *Kölnische Zeitung*, where he founded the system of calumny afterwards pursued against me. This individual confined himself to my works on art, and twisted my idea of "An Art-work of the Future" into the laughable tendency of a "Music of the Future," that is to say, music that would turn out very well at a future period, though it might be bad at present. Not a word was said by him about Judaism; on the contrary, he plumed himself upon being a Christian, and descended from a Superintendent. On the other hand, he said I had declared that Mozart and even Beethoven were bunglers; and that I wished to do away with melody and, henceforward, have only psalmody.

Even now-a-days, my dear Madame, directly the conversation turns upon the "Music of the Future," you will hear nothing but these things said. Just reflect with what vigorous persistency such absurd calumny must have been sustained and spread about, since, simultaneously with the actual and popular propagation of my operas, the said calumny, directly my name is mentioned, appears again, with continually renewed force as being something that is no more disputed than it is to be disproved.

Since people could ascribe to me such senseless theories, the musical works which sprang from those theories must naturally be of the most repugnant kind; no matter what their success, the press still persevered in asserting that my music must be as atrocious as my theory. This was the point on which to lay particular stress! The really educated and intelligent classes must be won over to this view of the case. This object was effected through the instrumentality of a Viennese lawyer, a great musical amateur, proficient in Hegel's dialectics, and, moreover, easily accessible on account of his Jewish descent, though he delicately disguised the latter. He, too, was one of those who had, at first, declared for me with almost enthusiastic partiality; his conversion was effected so suddenly and violently that I was perfectly aghast at it. This individual, now, wrote a libel on the *Musically Beautiful*, in which he pursued a course unusually well adapted to advance generally the interests of musical Judaism. In the first place, by means of an exceedingly dainty dialectical form, which looked quite like the finest philosophical profundity, he deceived all the intelligence of Vienna into the belief that a prophet had really risen up among them; and this was the great aim he had in view. For what he coated with this elegant colouring consisted of the most trivial commonplaces, such as can be propagated, with any appearance of significance, only in a sphere where, as in that of music, people have always begun talking rubbish immediately they commenced aestheticizing about this art. It was certainly no such clever thing to claim for Music the "Beautiful" as principal postulate; if, however, the author could effect his purpose in this respect, so as to cause everyone to feel astounded at such genial wisdom, he would be able to succeed in something decidedly more difficult, namely, the task of setting up modern

* *Judaism in Music*. By Richard Wagner. Leipzig: J. J. Weber, 1869.

Jewish music as the really "beautiful" music; and, without a soul's perceiving what he was about, he caused this dogma to be silently recognized by appending Mendelssohn, quite naturally, as it were, to the series consisting of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven; nay, if we understand correctly his theory of the "Beautiful," he really attributed to Mendelssohn the merit of having done an important and beneficial thing; of having happily re-arranged the web of beauty, which had been thrown somewhat into confusion by his immediate predecessor, Beethoven. If, now, Mendelssohn were once raised to the throne, a feat that was to be gracefully accomplished by placing at his side certain Christian notabilities, such as Robert Schumann, among others, a great deal more might be rendered credible in the domain of modern music. But the principal object of the entire æsthetic enterprise was already achieved; the author had, by his clever libel, gained universal respect, and thus obtained a position which lent him importance, when he, an admired æsthetician, appeared as critic in a widely-read political paper, and declared me and my artistic efforts utterly null and void. The fact of his not being led astray by the great success with which my works met on the part of the public, necessarily invested him with all the greater nimbus; and, in addition, he succeeded (or others succeeded through him) in causing, at least, wherever newspapers are read in the world, this tone to become the style when speaking of me, a tone which you, my dear Madame, were so astonished at meeting everywhere. But reference was made to nothing except my contempt for all the great masters of tone; to my hostility towards melody; to my horrible compositions, in a word, to the "Music of the Future"; but still not the slightest notice was taken of the article on "Judaism in Music." This, on the contrary, as is the case in all such rare and sudden instances of conversion, worked all the more efficaciously in secret; it was the head of Medusa, immediately held before anyone in whom there appeared an inconsiderate partiality for me.

(To be continued.)

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DIE MEISTERSINGER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—What would the Messrs Corder have done, in their translation of Wagner's *Meistersinger*, without the Anglo-Saxon word "wax"—to rhyme with Sachs? We are surely being Wagnerized to extremity. Beethoven never wrote nine lines in self-glorification; Wagner has written nine volumes—his nine symphonies. Oh, that he had composed a "No. 1," with a full close here and there! The last close best of all. I am puzzled to understand how the London musical public can possibly reckon in its numbers so large a minority of —

Your correspondent, "Fiat Justitia," is a noodle, as I could easily show were it worth the showing.

AN ENGLISH MUSICIAN.

Clarendon Hotel, Birmingham.

KING LUIS OF PORTUGAL once promised Rossini a cask of some wine made expressly for the Royal cellar. But the memory of kings is not better than that of ordinary mortals, and—the wine did not appear. The great composer, however, was not the man to forget a promise, and addressed the following to his Majesty of Portugal:

"Your Majesty promised to send me a cask of wine, but it has never arrived. Of course, you have not forgotten your promise, sire, for kings never forget; but allow me to remind you that at my time of life no time is to be lost."

The wine was sent with Royal expedition.

AIX-*LA-CHAPELLE*.—The fifty-ninth Musical Festival of the Lower Rhine went off extremely well, and was attended by larger numbers than had been present at any previous Festival. The proceedings on the first day opened with Mozart's symphony, in G minor. Then came Handel's *Joshua*, which went admirably under Herr F. Wüllner's direction, and was energetically applauded. The solo-singers were—Mdlles Lilli Lehmann and Fides Keller, Herren Riese and Carl Meyer. The second day's programme included Mendelssohn's *Erste Walpurgisnacht*, fragments from Gluck's *Armide*, and Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony," with the Prelude and "Liebestod," from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. Hans von Bülow, as solo-pianist, performed variations on the *Eroica*, and Johann Brahms's First Concerto.

CONCERTS.

RICHTER CONCERTS.—At the fifth concert, given in St James's Hall, on Friday evening, a new violinist appeared, to make up, in the estimation of novelty-lovers, for the otherwise entire absence of that which they crave. Almost of course, the *débütant* was a German. This is the year of the Germans, who bid fair to render it as famous in our musical history as the Normans made 1066 in the annals of the nation. The Normans came and stopped; and the Germans are exceedingly likely to do the same, with a view to parcelling out a fat artistic domain, and ousting its old possessors. No other invaders have a chance. The Italians are out of it, or, at most, hold a mere corner of Covent Garden, having given up the rest to Frenchmen and Belgians, who themselves, surrounded by grim and hungry Teutonic bands, spend a precarious existence. As for the aborigines—well, they continue to accept, with traditional meekness, the rôle of those who find the money, taking pride, perhaps, in the ownership of a purse which attracts all the musical free lances of Europe. A good many quacks and shams come to our shores, but Herr Georg Hänlein, the violinist of Friday night, is not one of them, if judgment may be given simply upon the hearing of Spohr's Dramatic Concerto as played by him. A strong fiddler Herr Hänlein cannot be called, but he is very tender and graceful, executing *cantabile* passages with the taste and expression of a great vocal artist. Hence he was heard to most advantage in the Cavatina—that movement wherein Spohr has combined Italian sweetness with German feeling, and thus produced a better thing than either standing alone. Herr Hänlein's tone is not large; on the other hand, he phrases well, his intonation is certain, and his command over the instrument, if not regally powerful, cannot be charged with incompleteness. Referring to Spohr's work, it is curious to observe, as significant of an almost puerile revolt against classic forms, that the annotator of the programme pointed to the dominant and tonic chords at the end of the recitative as a device which "in more modern compositions has happily now almost become obsolete." Why happily? Is there really treason to art in a "full close" where the ear expects it, where the sense requires it, and where those benighted creatures, Mozart and Beethoven, rarely failed to employ it? Whatever the answer to this question, we do not deny that very many inditers of "modern compositions" seem to exhaust the greater part of their powers in successful efforts to keep a "full close" out of their music. They are like bats flying over a plain, not daring to touch the ground through inability to take wing again. The orchestral selections at this concert were the introduction and closing scene from *Tristan und Isolde*, Beethoven's *Leonora* overture, and the same master's Eighth Symphony. These, for the most part, had a fine rendering, the principal exception being the minuet and trio of the symphony, which have been heard to greater advantage. Frau Maltén and Herr Gura, of the German Opera, Drury Lane, contributed the vocal music in a style that suggested the desirableness of limiting their efforts to the Wagnerian stage. Herr Richter conducted with customary masterfulness.

MR GANZ'S CONCERTS.—St James's Hall was well filled on Saturday afternoon, when the fourth of these concerts took place. Regarding the principal feature in the programme—the *Symphonie Fantastique* of Hector Berlioz—there is no need to speak at length. On former occasions we have sought to do justice to the fancy and skill shown in the earlier portions of the work. At present these require no champion. The *Reverie and Passions*, the *Bal*, the *Scène aux Champs*, and, in large measure, the *Marche au Supplice*, are understood and admired to the full extent of their deserts. On the other hand it may be necessary to warn the many who are in danger of having their perception of true music perverted by rhodomontade, that the fifth part, *Songe d'une Nuit de Sabbat*, is not music at all, but rather an illustration of the rebellion of music against an unwise effort to employ it for purposes and in a manner foreign to its nature. All such attempts recoil upon those who make them. Here, for instance, a fine work is spoiled by an ending possible to the muse only when in a state of *delirium tremens*. It is a fearful example, and should be nailed to the doors of concert rooms as dead kites were once displayed in farmyards—pour encourager les autres. The performance was on the whole good. We can conceive a more delicate and graceful rendering of the "Ball" scene, but when power and precision seemed all important, those qualities were not wanting.

With the French composer's symphony came a French pianist in the always welcome person of Mme Montigny Rémaury, a lady qualified to represent, wherever she goes, the legitimate school of her art. Mme Rémaury's taste is not restricted. She can recognize all that is good in new works; but her keenest sympathies remain with the great masters, with Beethoven above all. She is, we believe, the only pianist who of late years has cared to perform that

master's first concerto in London. No doubt the work is old-fashioned, according to the theories we are now asked to accept. It is certainly melodious, symmetrical, and beautiful; but Mme Rémaury is not on that account ashamed of it. This, indeed, may have been the reason why she played it on Saturday afternoon, and why she did so with all the grace and brilliancy which the work demands. A more precise or neater finger than Mme Rémaury's no pianist is fortunate enough to own, nor can any interpret a "classic" so as to make its structure and meaning more clear. This was frankly recognized by the audience, the applause bestowed being at once cordial and amply invited.

Following the French pianist came Mlle Marianne Eisler, a violinist who has journeyed from Vienna to win, if haply she may, the approval of English amateurs. The young lady chose a well-known theme in the *Adagio* from Spohr's Ninth Concerto, and, as she played only that movement, it is manifestly impossible to judge her full pretensions. From what she did, however, it seemed clear that Mlle Eisler has the all-important gift of musical sensibility and taste. Her delivery of some of the phrases, towards the close of the *Adagio* in particular, was marked by decided and appropriate expression. Assuming that the young lady's executive skill is on a par with her natural powers, she deserves the attention which may, hereafter, be more fully accorded. The vocalist at this concert was Madame Patey, whom we cannot too highly praise for a perfect delivery of Sarti's melodious *arietta*, "Lungi dal caro bene."—D. T.

MME SOPHIE MENTER.—A large and critical audience assembled at St James's Hall on Friday afternoon, June 2, to listen to the interpretation, by Mme Sophie Menter, of a programme embracing works widely different in character and merit. Beethoven's Sonata (Op. 81), *Les Adieux, l'Absence, et le Retour*, occupied, as it should, the most prominent place, and called forth the entire resources of the fair executant. The first movement, *Les Adieux*, seemed instinct with the accents of tender regret, and was rendered with full significance, as well as perfect manipulation; the second, *L'Absence*, gave still further evidence of the lady's thorough grasp of her subject; whilst the third showed what entire mastery she possesses over the keyboard. Mme Menter's playing in a *Pastorale* and *Allegro vivacissimo*, by Domenico Scarlatti, proved, in another fashion, no less remarkable. Judging by the large space allotted to Chopin, at idealistic composer must be a great favourite with the pianist. Of the six pieces performed consecutively we select the second, fourth, and last for special notice. The *Etude* in G flat was vigorously encored, the *Ballade* in G minor afforded almost equal pleasure, and seldom has the *Valse Brillante* in A flat been played with greater fluency. The programme was made up largely of "arrangements." First came the *Toccata and Fugue*, for organ (Bach), arranged by Tausig for the pianoforte; then Mendelssohn's "On song's bright pinions," followed by Schubert's "Fleurs fanées" and "Erl King," arranged by Liszt. Whilst acknowledging that these concoctions have merit in their way, we confess to little perception of a real artistic value, and question the propriety of making the melodies of great masters ground-work for mere fantastic decoration. Liszt's *Rhapsodies*, played with marvellous power and skill, nevertheless failed to command much respect. In speaking of Mme Sophie Menter's extraordinary talents no "if" or "but" is needed to qualify high praise.—P. G.

SIGNOR TITO MATTEI'S CONCERT.—The Marlborough Rooms were crowded on Saturday afternoon, at the invitation of Signor Tito Mattei. This highly-respected professor generally provides some novelty, and on this occasion a "new waltz-galop (*de concert*)" afforded him an opportunity of displaying his talents in the double capacity of composer and executant. Moreover, he rarely omits to bring forward singers and players who are but little known to the public. On Saturday three such artists appeared, and are certainly worthy of better acquaintance. First, Signor Palmieri, in "Questa o quella" (Verdi), showed himself the possessor of an agreeable voice; and, next, Mlle Perretti, who selected "Nacqua all'affano" (Rossini), displayed an organ of considerable compass, with evidence of assiduous training, that in the end will, no doubt, bring success. The song chosen was, perhaps, too trying for a young beginner, but the difficulties were, in most cases, fairly surmounted. Mr Leigh-Bennett, in "Vorrei morire" (Tosti), also gave signs of coming excellence; Miss Orridge's fine voice, and Mme Rose Hersee's charming talents were duly appreciated; while Mr Maybrick sang "The Little Hero" (Stephen Adams) in so touching a manner as to secure the warmest approbation. Mlle Rosina Isidor, Mr Maas, Signor Foli, Signor Runcio, and other popular vocalists were announced, the instrumentalists being Signor Papini, Signor Albert, or Li Calsi, and Signor Pinsuti.—P. G.

W. C. A. EHRENFECHESTER.—A *matinée musicale* was given by this gentleman on Wednesday last at his residence in Earl's Court Road. Mr Ehrenfechter we presume to be a professor of standing in the district in which he lives, and that he enjoys credit and respect in his vocation may be inferred from the large attendance vouchsafed to him upon the present occasion by his friends and patrons. In the course of the *matinée* he gave examples of his qualifications as a solo pianist and composer, and it will readily be believed he was not listened to without compliment. Violin and violoncello performances, and a round of vocalisms by Mme Vogri, Miss Berta Foresta, and Mr D'Arcy Ferris, (with whose name we confess to be unfamiliar, but who seemed to be in excellent vogue with the visitors present), contributed the remaining incidents of the concert.—H.

MISS EMELIE LEWIS'S concert on Wednesday evening at Steinway Hall was fully attended. The young singer has made great progress since we last heard her, rendering on the occasion under notice Mercadante's "Il sogno" (violoncello *obbligato*, Mr J. A. Brouil) with fluency and expression. Miss Lewis also contributed Milton Welling's "Dreaming" and Behrend's "Firelight Fancies," besides joining Mme Liebhart in Oberthür's duet, "Wir Wandern aus dem Vaterland." In each of these Miss Lewis was warmly and deservedly applauded. Mme Liebhart pleased her audience, as she invariably does, with G. B. Allen's "Little bird so sweetly singing" (flute *obbligato*, by the bye, capably played by Herr Wustemann). Mr Herbert Thorndike was at his best in a pleasing song by Mina Gould (whose "Time of Roses" is so universally popular). Miss Carrie Lawrence gave an Irish recitation, "Shemus O'Brian," which she was called upon to repeat, but she gave "Old Maids and Old Bachelors" instead. Besides the singers we have named, Misses Alice Fairman and Eleanor Crux, together with Signor Villa, gave various songs and duets, and Miss Maggie Okey played with Mlle Brouil and Mr Brouil a trio for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello; Miss Okey afterwards contributing one of Liszt's "Rhapsodies," and Mr Brouil solos on the violoncello by Weber and Popper. Signors Romili, Samuelli, and Denza, Messrs C. Ryal and Davieson accompanied.

SIGNOR MURATORI is to be congratulated on the success of the concert he gave on Wednesday morning (by kind permission of Mrs J. R. Campbell), at The Holme, Regent's Park—congratulated not only for its musical success, but for the valuable assistance granted him by several of his fair amateur pupils, whose beautiful fresh voices were heard with such charming effect in the compositions selected for their performance, among which must specially be noticed Signor Muratori's trio, "Oh! Dei che dolce incanto" (Mrs Aston, Mrs Stone, and Signor Rizzelli); Rossini's trio, "L'usato ardir" (by the same fair lady amateurs and Mr Noyes); Campana's duetto, "Una sera d'amore" (Miss Foster and Miss M. Foster); Signor Muratori's Romanza "Amore" (Mrs Stone), the violin *obbligato* part to which was finely played by Signor Scuderi; Verdi's duet, "Se m'ami ancor" (Mrs Aston and Signor Rizzelli); Signor Muratori's Valse, "L'Amante"—"The Lovers' Waltz," (Mrs Aston); Mr Farmer's song, "Shall I wear a white Rose?" (Mrs Stone); and several other popular songs, not forgetting Mercadante's *aria*, "Ah! s'estinto," beautifully rendered by Mrs Aston. Certainly Signor Muratori may be envied for the esteem he is held in by those who have placed themselves under his tuition.

MR OBERTHÜR gave a *matinée musicale* at the Marlborough Rooms on Tuesday, June 6th, assisted by Mmes Liebhart, Vogri, and Doré-Desvignes, Signor Luigi Conti, Messrs Alfred Hemming and Frank Quatremaïne, as vocalists; and, as instrumentalists, by Mlle Gayrard Pacini (pianoforte), Herr Carl Henkel (violin), and M. Albert (violoncello). The interest of the *matinée* was concentrated in the compositions of Mr Oberthür, which included his Trio in F minor, for violin, violoncello, and harp; his duet, for violin and harp, on subjects from *Der Freyschütz*; his Concertino for the harp (the orchestral parts, on this occasion, being arranged for the pianoforte and played by Mlle Gayrard-Pacini); and several of his songs, among them, "The Babe and the Sunbeam" (Mlle Doré-Desvignes), "A Noble Knight" (Mr Frank Quatremaïne), "The Discovery" (Mme Liebhart), and his romance, "The Rose and the Ring" (Mr Alfred Hemming). It is scarcely necessary to say, Mr Oberthür's talent as a composer being well known, that both the instrumental and vocal pieces were attentively listened to and heard with pleasure, receiving the applause due to their exceptional merits. Among the miscellaneous songs was Blumenthal's "Evening Song," rendered with great expression by Mr Alfred Hemming, who, a few years ago, was well known and esteemed in our concert-rooms, and who has just returned from a long sojourn in Russia, with voice neither injured by time nor climate. The concert gave perfect satisfaction to a full and fashionable audience, among whom we noticed many distinguished amateurs and admirers of the harp, on which instrument Mr Oberthür is so accomplished an executant.

THE MISSES KINGDON.—A *matinée musicale* was given on Saturday June 3, at 31 Maida Hill West, in aid of the London Fever Hospital. The programme included Schumann's "Dichter Liebe" and several pianoforte duets, rendered with thorough accuracy, taste and expression by the Misses Kingdon, two accomplished amateurs, organizers of the entertainment. The ladies in every instance won merited applause.

PROVINCIAL.

TAUNTON.—The concert given by the Taunton Philharmonic Association in the London Hotel Assembly Rooms on Thursday evening, June 1st, may be pronounced in every respect a decided success. The performance was of a high character, reflecting credit upon all who took part therein, and the attendance was large, fashionable, and appreciative. The works selected for presentation were Sterndale Bennett's *Woman of Samaria* for the first part of the programme, and G. A. Macfarren's delightful cantata *May-day* for the second, and the leading passages in both were capitally rendered, the solos being very nicely given, and the choruses for the most part displaying a degree of steadiness, speaking of careful and painstaking training on the part of the conductor, Mr Thomas F. Dudeney. The soloists were:—Misses May Bell and French; Messrs Theo. Taylor and W. J. Trenchard. Miss Simmons officiating as pianist and general accompanist, left nothing to be desired. We may heartily congratulate all concerned upon this concert being one of the most attractive and artistic the association has yet brought before their patrons and the public.

CHESTER MUSICAL FESTIVAL.—On Wednesday morning the Chester Musical Festival commenced with Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, given in the cathedral. The city was gaily decorated; the showery weather, however, somewhat interfered with the pleasure of the visitors. There was a band and chorus of 250, with Mr Joseph C. Bridge, organist of the cathedral, as conductor; Dr Rowland Rogers, of Bangor Cathedral, as organist; and Herr Strauss, as leader of the band, which was chiefly composed of members of Mr Charles Halle's Manchester orchestra; the principals being Herren Strauss, Jacoby, Bernhardt, and E. Vieuxtemps. The chorus was selected from Chester, York, Durham, Ripon, Manchester, and Hereford Cathedrals. The proceedings opened with the Hundredth Psalm, specially arranged for this festival as a motet for eight voices by Dr Pole. The principal singers in the oratorio were Miss Marriott, Mdme Mudie-Bolingbroke, Mdme Patey, and Messrs Maas and King. In the evening, *Acis and Galatea* was given at the Music Hall.

GERMAN OPERA, DRURY LANE.

Die Meistersinger was represented a second time on Saturday night, with important changes in the caste, Fräulein Malten being substituted for Frau Sucher (Eva) and Herr Nachbaur for Herr Winkelmann (Stolzinger). These changes do not imply the smallest public or managerial dissatisfaction with the artists temporarily set aside, rather do they point to a fact which Richard Wagner persistently overlooks. The human voice is not an instrument of wood or brass, nor are human lungs made of leather. He, therefore, who takes a prominent part in one of the "reformer's" music-dramas resembles a sentry on duty with the thermometer below zero. His "go" is a short one, but short as it may be he cannot get rid of an uncomfortable reflection that duty, in such a case, means mischief.* Verdi was once accused of an intent to destroy singing on the Italian stage, but he is a mere Fifth of November effigy compared with the genuine Guy Fawkes of Bayreuth. No doubt German lungs are strong, and German throats lend themselves more to shouting than to singing, but even a Teutonic artist is not qualified to do the work of a fog-horn. His capacity knows limits, and if there are to be four Parsifals at Bayreuth next August, why should there not be two Stolzing and two Evas at Drury Lane? Comparisons between Frau Sucher and Fräulein Malten, or between Herr Winkelmann and Herr Nachbaur, would be as ungracious as the impulse to indulge in them is natural. We shall resist the impulse and avoid the ungraciousness, a course the more readily followed because neither Eva nor Stolzing is a character of first-rate dramatic importance. Wagner usually makes his lovers the real hero and heroine of the plays to which they belong, but the lovers in *Die Meistersinger* are feeble folk, of very little beyond musical consequence, wherefore criticism upon them must be musical chiefly, and here some will contend for the superiority of Fräulein Malten as a more intellectual artist than Frau Sucher, while it is just possible that the feeble tones of Herr Nachbaur strike a chord unresponsive to the strenuous declamation of Herr Winkelmann. After all, it matters little. The case may be summed up—at any rate, as regards the ladies—in the familiar lines, "How happy could I be with either, Were t'other dear charmer away." In other respects the original

cast remained unchanged on Saturday, so that we again witnessed Herr Gura's masterly embodiment of the cobbler-poet, Hans Sachs, and again regretted that the clever artist was hampered by extreme prosiness. There should be one edition of *Die Meistersinger* for Germany, and another for countries whose people cannot take a lively interest in frequent preachments about German art. True, Sachs is not such a terrible bore as Wotan. The Nuremberg tradesman does not require us to hear interminable narratives concerning family doings connected with which there are bars sinister enough to make a gridiron for Fafner and Fasolt. But he does talk, and talk so much that even Herr Gura can hardly save him from the unenviable distinction supremely won and worn by the Scandinavian god. Herr Gura, as Beckmesser, labours under no such disadvantage. Beckmesser is always welcome on the stage, never, when there, saying too much. He is a character distinguished by genuine comedy, and as a real comedian Herr Ehrke deals with him. A more finished impersonation our stage has seldom witnessed. It is complete to the last detail, every accent, gesture, and attitude being studied, yet with the art that keeps art invisible behind a close semblance of nature. Almost as warm praise is deserved by Herr Landau, upon whose David no one dreams of improvement. A grave and dignified Pogner in Herr Koegel, a finished Kothner in Dr Kraus, and a capital Magdalene in Fräulein Schefsky, complete a representation worthy the work which comes to us as Wagner's most genial and pleasant representative. Of the chorus, orchestra, and stage management no praise could be too great. The rendering of the music is a genuine triumph for Herr Richter—the noblest he has won in this country, while the animation of the stage, due to the fact that every person engaged is an actor, reflects credit not only upon its management, but upon all concerned. Should the German opera season be remembered for only one thing, that thing will be the performance of *Die Meistersinger*.—D. T.

* [When constabulary duty's to be done,
The Policeman's life is not a happy one.

Dr Blüdt.]

ELECTRICITY AND MUSIC.—At the monthly meeting of the Musical Association, held on Monday last, Mr C. E. Stephens in the chair, a paper was read by H. Hills, Mus. Doc., entitled "From Rhythmic Pulsation to Classical Outline." After this, a "music electrograph," invented by J. Föhr, of Stuttgart, was exhibited and described by Mr T. L. Southgate. The apparatus writes down on a band of paper unwound from a cylinder by clockwork any music played extemporaneously on a pianoforte to which it may be attached. This result is attained by the current staining the paper, chemically prepared for this purpose, a blue colour on the parts of the music staff corresponding to the position of the notes struck. The duration of the sounds is indicated by the length of the stains, and the positions of the bar lines are shown by depressing a pedal.—Times.

PRAGUE.—Smetana's opera, *Libussa*, has achieved an undoubted success. It is pronounced by competent judges to be his masterpiece. It was first produced on the 11th June, 1881, at the National Bohemian Theatre, burnt down two months subsequently. (The "Jettatore" had nothing to do with this catastrophe.—Dr Blüdt.) COPENHAGEN.—The members of the Private Pension Fund of the Ballet at the Theatre Royal lately held their annual meeting. During the past year the capital increased from 110,690 to 116,642 crowns. Three pensions, of 577,576, and 200 crowns respectively, were granted on the occasion.

BERLIN (Correspondence).—Experiments with the electric light have been carried on for some time at the Royal Operahouse. The Emperor Wilhelm, who attended the last performance of *Mignon*, was conducted by Von Hulsén, Intendant-General, to the machine-room, where Brandt, Inspector-in-Chief, fully explained the system to his Majesty, who expressed himself much interested.—The Central Skating Rink, at present occupied by an Italian opera company, will in future be permanently devoted to art. In the autumn, it will be transformed into a concert-room, where Bille's old Orchestra, now at the "Charlottenburger Flora," will perform.—Carl Constantin Louis Grimm, the harpist, died on the 23rd ult., in his sixty-second year. Born in this capital on the 17th February, 1821, he applied himself from his eighth year to the harp, on which, thanks to the instruction received from our own Parish Alvars, he attained great proficiency. After playing for some time with success, he was appointed (in 1844) Royal Prussian Chamber-Musician and member of the band at the Royal Operahouse. On his 25th professional anniversary (1869) he had the title of Royal *Concertmeister* conferred on him. He subsequently retired on his pension, and gave his whole attention to the musical instrument manufactory established by his father.

TERESA TITIENS.

A SKETCH.

"On October the 3rd, 1877, at her residence, 51, Finchley New-Road, after many weeks of severe suffering, Teresa Tietjens, aged 46 years. Friends will kindly accept this intimation."

Among the many stars who, from Mara downwards, have shone in the firmament of Italian opera, some few, perhaps, under certain conditions, may have been greater, others as great, none have occupied a position so unique, as the subject of the above simple obituary notice. Mademoiselle Teresa Tietjens, or Titjens, to use the spelling which she adopted, on her arrival in this country, was a native of Hamburg, and made her first public appearance, at the principal theatre of that city, in a German version of *Lucrezia Borgia*, in 1847. Advancing by the usual progressive stages, in Frankfort and elsewhere, she worked her way to the Carinthia Theatre, at Vienna, where she filled a leading position during some years, until discovered and engaged by the late Mr Lumley. She made her *début* in London, at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, on Tuesday, the 13th of April, 1858, as Valentine, in *Les Huguenots*, and was at once recognized as one of the most interesting, and exceptionally-endowed singers of modern times.

The following are the thirty-three operas in which, during nearly twenty seasons, Mdlle Teresa Titjens has been heard in London:—*Iphigenia en Tauride* (Gluck), *Fidelio* (Beethoven), *Medea*, *I Due Giornati* (Cherubini), *Don Giovanni*, *Le Nozze di Figaro*, *Il Flauto Magico*, *Il Seraglio* (Mozart), *Les Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, *Le Prophète* (Meyerbeer), *Oberon*, *Der Freischütz* (Weber), *Lohengrin* (Wagner), *Martha* (Flotow), *Falstaff* (Nicolai), *Faust*, *Mirella* (Gounod), *Hamlet* (Thomas), *Semiramide* (Rossini), *Norma*, *I Puritani* (Bellini), *Lucrezia Borgia*, *Lucia di Lammermoor*, *Anna Bolena*, *La Favorita* (Donizetti), *Ernani*, *I Lombardi*, *Il Trovatore*, *I Vespri Siciliani*, *La Forza del Destino*, *Un Ballo in Maschera* (Verdi), and *Nicolo di Lapi* (Schira). In 1850, she sang at Drury Lane, and in 1860, at Her Majesty's, under Mr E. T. Smith. In 1861, she was at the Lyceum, for Mr Mapleson's first season of management, and was again at Her Majesty's Theatre, in 1862, where she remained, until its destruction by fire, in 1867. In 1868 she was a leading member of Mr Mapleson's company at Drury Lane, and sang in 1869-70—the years of the famous opera-coalition—at Covent Garden. Subsequently she was with her old manager, Mr Mapleson, at Drury Lane, for six seasons, and finally inaugurated the new "Old House," in the Haymarket last spring, soon after which illness incapacitated her from the further discharge of her duties.

Although regarded, on her arrival in London, as the more than probable inheritor of the Pasta-Grisi repertory, the new comer did not, at the outset, fulfil every condition, requisite for that position. Her personal appearance certainly marked her out for this line, and, in addition to unmistakable dramatic instincts, her voice, a true soprano, even in every note of its extensive register, at that time combined sweetness, and liquid purity, with an almost colossal power. But there was still something wanting. Nurtured in all the traditions of the German school, Mdlle Titjens had yet to acquire the Italian method, and so make good her claim to a first place on the Italian stage. Hence her earliest successes were obtained in *Les Huguenots*, *Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*. In *Il Trovatore*, her Leonora was freely criticised, but a few weeks later the *Lucrezia* excited new interest, as affording evident proof of progress, and as foreshadowing that excellence, in music of the Italian school, to which, from this date, she steadily advanced. To follow, step by step, the career of this incomparable singer, or to comment in detail upon each part of her wide *répertoire*, would be impossible, within these limits, but the following notes may be of interest. The fine-ladyism of *Martha* sat awkwardly upon Titjens, as being something wholly foreign to her nature, yet all London went to Lear "The Last Rose of Summer," sung as, perhaps, it was never sung before—as probably it will never be again. Who can forget the tender charm of her "Qui la voce," as the heart-stricken Elvira, in *I Puritani*; or the splendour of her mad scene, in *Lucia*, when having surpassed herself in the *largo*, which exhausts the resources of so many singers, she would advance with unimpaired vigour, to the footlights, and in the *cabaletta*, "Spargi d'amour," attack, and sustain, for some moments, a B in *alt.* with all the clearness of a silver bell? These parts were long since laid aside by

Titjens, but their recollection is ineffaceable. Her Valentine, Donna Anna, and Contessa d'Almaviva, were from the first held to be super-excellent; indeed, we always considered her rendering of the two airs, "Porgi amor" and "Dove sono"—belonging to the last-named part—for perfect phrasing, just accent, and exact measurement of time, to be amongst her very finest vocal achievements. As years went on, the supremacy of her Norma, Semiramide, and Lucrezia Borgia, operas of the purely Italian school, became equally established; and there were other events in the operatic reign of Titjens too important, as landmarks, to be passed over. Such were her Reizia in *Oberon*, revived in 1860; her Alice, in *Robert le Diable*, which created, in 1862, as great a sensation as that of Jenny Lind, some fifteen years before; and her Fidelio, in 1864, when old *habitués* recalled Cruvelli, Malibran, and Schroeder-Devrient, only to find their latest successor no whit inferior by the comparison. But the greatest achievement of all was on the production of Cherubini's *Medea*, in 1865,* when she proved, past doubt or cavil, that the highest walk of lyric tragedy was within her means. Many as were her subsequent successes, Titjens may be said to have reached, in this part, the apex of her artistic renown. To her, also, we probably owe the introduction of Gounod's *Faust* to this country. Titjens was the original Marguerite in London; and though physically unsuited to the character, she was, both in singing and acting, the very ideal of Goethe's heroine. Owing to the declining popularity of the lighter class of operatic music, and to her all-absorbing attraction in grand opera, few were aware of her talents as a comedian, since the opportunities of witnessing them were so rare. None, however, who heard that opera, will fail to remember her Mrs Ford, in Nicolai's *Falstaff*. Here her acting was not only in the finest spirit of comedy, but was marked by a humour, and a sense of enjoyment, for which only one parallel occurs to us—that of Mrs Keeley. And in later years, when she might well have been excused for reposing upon her well-earned laurels, Teresa Titjens assumed three new rôles, namely, Gertrude, in Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, Leonora, in *La Favorita*, and Ortrud, in *Lohengrin*. In the first of these, she completely distanced the Ophelia (Mdlle Sessi) of the night, and worked up a part, hitherto looked upon as a mere lay figure, into a creation worthy of Shakspeare. Her Leonora was, from first to last, superb; and she imparted to the repulsive character of Ortrud a dramatic significance which, now that she has departed, it may possibly never regain. But great as was the perfection to which Titjens attained in the Italian school, she never relinquished her predilection for the music of her Fatherland. To her, more than to any other, we owe the extended knowledge, and acceptance, of the German school of opera, in England. True that *Don Giovanni*, and *Le Nozze di Figaro*, had long been traditions of the operatic repertory at both houses, that the works of Meyerbeer had formed so many sheet anchors, in the earlier seasons, at Covent Garden. It is to Titjens, however, that we are indebted for the revivals of the *Oberon* and *Der Freischütz* of Weber, the *Flauto Magico* and *Seraglio* of Mozart, besides the *Iphigenia* of Gluck, whose *Armida* was also—had her health allowed it—to have formed a leading feature in the late season at the Haymarket. And these, with others, paved the way for the introduction of Herr Wagner's compositions—with what real result, however, yet remains to be seen.

Enough, then, has been told to prove the industry, no less than the abilities of this great singer. That which gives her an unique place in the musical annals of this country has not hitherto been sufficiently shown. Others, we think *all* her predecessors, have come, from season to season, to London, and during the intervening months have repaired to Paris, St Petersburg, Moscow, and other cities, which maintain large operatic establishments. Mdlle Titjens, it is true, returned to Vienna, to complete her term, after her first engagement with Lumley: she went also to Naples for the carnivals of 1863-4; and to America, on a concert tour, in the autumn of 1875; but with these exceptions, and those of two short visits to Paris and Barcelona, she has, we believe, spent the whole of the last nineteen years in this kingdom. And in identifying herself thus completely with England it was natural that she should direct her attention to another branch of her art,

* By a coincidence, the year of Pasta's decease. Pasta had herself been the unequalled representative of another *Medea*—that of Simon Mayer—which she had often sung on the same boards.

more popular in this country than in any other—we mean oratorio singing. The mantle of Grisi had fallen upon Titiens, the diadem of Clara Novello was also to encircle her brow. In brief, she soon shone supreme alike in sacred and secular song. To follow her triumphs, in this line, were endless, but to give only two examples we vividly recall the sublime manner in which she led the trio, "Lift thine eyes to the mountains," in *Elijah*; the earnestness and the deep religious feeling with which she rendered "I know that my Redeemer liveth," in *The Messiah*—at the Birmingham Musical Festival of 1870.

Time, which spares none, eventually detracted something from the power and fulness of her voice, but, to the last, Teresa Titiens continued to outshine all her workfellows, since, to the last, she was able to bring the impress of a great mind to bear upon everything which she attempted, and, in the fulfilment of her artistic duties, to evince neither carelessness nor fatigue. There was no such thing as second-best, in the organization of this transcendent woman. She would sing with the same care and heartiness, in the dilapidated old Assembly-Room of Truro, as before the most brilliant of metropolitan audiences. She had been the mainstay of the old Haymarket Opera in its concluding years, it was therefore only in the fitness of things that she should be chosen to inaugurate the new Her Majesty's Theatre, at the beginning of the late season. The overwhelming cheer which burst from every corner of the building as Norma entered, in the second scene of that opera, was proof enough, were any wanting, of the perennial popularity of the *diva*. But gloriously as she sang, on this and the three or four following evenings, it was already known to the members of her own family, that the hand of death was near; that the night "when no man can work" had come for Titiens, as it will for all; and that when the curtain fell upon her last performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*—on Saturday, the 19th of May—it descended also upon her professional career.

It has been affirmed that artists have no private life. Their every action, from earliest years, is subjected to the censorship of a public, ever ready to be severe upon every shortcoming, whilst, too seldom, reflecting upon the fiery ordeal of temptation to which they are, from their very birth, exposed. But if the faults of the profession are thus ruthlessly laid bare, it should be added also, in all honesty, that their good qualities are, of necessity, manifested, and acknowledged, in a corresponding degree. It is pleasant, then, to be able to add, that Mdlle Titiens had, during her long and distinguished career, won the love and esteem of all who knew her. An exemplary daughter, a kind sister, she was further known to be the most generous, amiable, and self-sacrificing of her sex. It was a byword of the *coulisses* that, "to quarrel with Titiens were to effect the impossible." The airs and affectations which disfigure so many of her operatic sisters, were as things quite apart from Titiens. She was altogether above them. None who approached her could be insensible to her peculiar charm of manner; for it was characterized by a quiet dignity, and a simple grace which were the outward expression of innate good-breeding. And the unselfishness which was, through life, one of her most striking attributes, was evident to the last. On the recurrence of each paroxysm of pain she banished her relatives and attendants from the sick room; for she would not unnerve them by the sight of her sufferings. And now the great singer has gone to her long home; but it is with the extinction of memory alone that the fame of Teresa Titiens will ever die.

October, 1877.

MICHAEL WILLIAMS.

M. ALPHONSE THIBAUD.—*Le Journal des Débats*, writing about this young artist at one of M. Pasdeloup's *Concerts Populaires*, says:—"The success of the last concert was that of M. Alphonse Thibaud, a young *virtuoso*, who hardly numbers twenty years, yet played with uncommon vigour Rubinstein's Fourth Concerto. He possesses not only great power, but rapid and neat execution, never playing a false note. These are the qualities which distinguished his performance and brought down an enthusiastic ovation. We are convinced that in a few years' time this young pianist will attain a high position in the artistic world."

ZURICH.—It is said that Franz Liszt has promised to attend the Musical Festival on the 8th July, when his *Legend of St Elizabeth* will be performed.

WAIFS.

Mdme Montigny-Rémaury has returned to Paris.

Suppé's *Boccaccio* has proved a success in Madrid.

De Reszké, the soprano, is now singing at Barcelona.

Tamberlik inaugurates in September the theatre at Vigo.

Jäger, the tenor, is engaged at the Theatre Royal, Stuttgart.

The tenor, Engel, is engaged for next season in St Petersburg.

The barytone Athos is engaged for next season at the San Carlo. The new Théâtre des Arts, Rouen, will be opened early in the autumn.

Theodor Thomas is appointed Musical Director of the New York Liederkranz.

The pecuniary result of the New York Festival is a deficit of 20,000 dollars.

Angelo Ferni has been appointed professor of the violin at the Liceo Rossini, Pesaro.

Paisiello's *Barbiere di Siviglia* is in rehearsal at the Teatro del Principe Alfonso, Madrid.

Tremelli, the contralto, is engaged for the coming Italian season at the Teatro Real, Madrid.

Fortunato Magi, composer and professor at the Liceo Benedetto Marcello, has died in Venice.

J. J. Abert's opera, *Ekkehard*, has been produced with success at the Theatre Royal, Munich.

The cross of the Crown of Italy has been conferred on Giovanni Tonoli, organ-builder of Brescia.

"Little Nevada," the American soprano, has made a highly favourable impression in Venice.

The concert given at Bergamo by the Scala Orchestral Society, under Faccio, was a great success.

The Texas Legislature has reduced the tax on theatrical performances from ten to two dollars.

The Germania Männerchor, Chicago, have presented their conductor, Balatka, with a music-stand.

A new opera, *Carlotta Cleprier*, music by Floridia, has been produced at the Circo Nazionale, Naples.

Another new opera, *Cesira d'Aragona*, by P. Bianchedi is performing at the Teatro Comunale, Corinaldo.

There is some talk of giving Auber's *Fra Diavolo* in Rome, with Repetto as Rosina and Stagno as Almaviva.

Johann Strauss is writing in his country house, at Schönau, an opera for the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

A semi-serious opera, *Aurelia*, music by Graziani-Walter, has been produced at the Teatro Salvini, Florence.

The receipts for eighteen performances of the ballet *Excelsior* at the Politeama, Florence, were 87,000 francs.

Our English organist, Frederick Archer, is to "inaugurate" the new organ in Mechanics' Hall, Boston, U.S.

Four designs for the new Theatre, Cadiz, have been sent in to the San Fernando Royal Academy of Fine Arts.

The annual examinations at the Escuela Nacional de Música y Declamación, Madrid, were to be held last week.

Two Popular Concerts, under the direction of Luigi Mancinelli, have been given at the Teatro Brunetti, Bologna.

Abbey, anxious to secure Judic for America next season, has offered her 1,000 francs a night for a hundred nights.

Another infant phenomenon, Theodora Linda Dacosta, aged seven, has come out as a vocalist at Chickering Hall, New York.

A new buffo opera, *A Pearl of a Laundress, or Starch and Tan*, book by Dr Salmi Morse, music by Karl Kersen, is announced in New York.

Owing to the closing of the Grand-Théâtre, Lyons, the tenor, Salomon, has signed with Vaucorbeil, and will return to the Grand Opera, Paris, in October.

Without counting her place near Havre, or her house in Paris, it is estimated that Mad. Sarah Bernhardt-Damala now possesses a fortune of 1,200,000 francs.

Albert Niemann will shortly fulfil a six night's engagement at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. He will sing in *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, *Joseph*, *Fidelio*, and *La Juive*.

Teresina Tua, the girl-violinist, gave two concerts lately in Padua, and was enthusiastically applauded. On the 22nd ult. she completed her 15th year.—A rival to Teresina Tua has appeared in Norah Clench, the fourteen-year-old violinist of Toronto, Canada. Remenyi pronounces her "wonderful."

Rothmühl, tenor, formerly pupil of the Vienna Conservatory and afterwards member of the Royal Opera, Dresden, is now engaged at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

Franz Arnouts, ex-pupil of the Brussels Conservatory, and professor of the violoncello at the Conservatory, Port Louis (Mauritius), intends making a concert-tour in America and Australia.

Ernest Boieldieu, nephew of the composer of *La Dame Blanche*, died recently in Paris. He was successively Secretary to the Vaudeville, the Fantaisies Parisiennes, and the Hippodrome.

The St Cecilia Choir, under the direction of Mr Malcolm Lawson, will give its third annual concert on Monday evening, June 12th, at the Royal Academy of Music. The choir, which consists entirely of ladies, will be accompanied by a string band, also of ladies. As far as we know, this is the first ladies' orchestra which has been organized in London. The programme will include choral works by Brahms, Hofmann, Gernsheim, &c.—(Communicated.)

When Mme Pauline Lucca arrived in London, and her maid went to the Custom House, for the purpose of attending the examination of luggage, it was discovered that the whole of it, including all her opera costumes, had been destroyed in the vessel which was burnt at Queenborough Pier. This unfortunate loss placed Mr Gye in great difficulty, as he naturally hesitated to communicate such unpleasant news to the *prima donna*, fearing it might prevent her promised appearance as Carmen in the evening. Mme Lucca was therefore not informed of the accident, and special dresses for the character were immediately ordered. Her luggage had been insured for £500.

Mr Frederick Bowen Jewson's "Second Concerto," Op. 33 (Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.).—Until opportunity is afforded of testing the quality of this composition through the medium of a complete performance, it would be premature to pronounce judgment on its merits. As a work of considerable importance, however, and the production of an English professor of long standing, a word of hearty welcome is its due. Something more than this may be accorded to its composer, who, in the midst of his manifold professional engagements, yet finds time for the service of the less lucrative branch of his art, and Mr Jewson will have his reward in the respect of his brother professors, and the increased weight of his authority over those whose studies he is called upon to direct. The concerto has three movements: *Allegro moderato* in E—triple time; *Andante con moto* in G—common time; and the *Finale allegro vivace* in E, in which we recur to triple time. The pianoforte part, which may be described as brilliant throughout, is written with the technical skill of a pianist, and if the concerto is scored with equal efficiency, it should produce a good effect in performance.—*The Queen*.

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1864. Tradition says that the old melody of 'The Beggar Boy' was once sung in the days when she was a poor child by the distinguished artist now known as M^{de}me Christine Nilsson. Included in the Danish songs is the traditional 'Dannebrog,' the music of which is attributed to one 'Bay.' It would be interesting to inquire the foundation for this statement, as the origin of the Danish National Anthem was generally understood to be unknown. The tradition of the 'Dannebrog Banner,' which, in 1719, fell down from heaven to bring victory to the Danish arms, is duly recorded in a footnote. Most of the Dutch songs given date back to the sixteenth century; and there are besides three songs by W. F. G. Nicolai, and one Flemish song. Altogether eighty-three of the national songs of northern Europe are included in this valuable and interesting book. In future editions a larger preface or more footnotes, giving further particulars of the old songs whose history is known, would be welcome. Equally interesting are the songs of Eastern Europe, recently issued by Messrs Boosey, and likewise edited by Mr and Miss Kappey. Among the thirty-four Austrian songs, the large majority are *volkslieder*, and they include Tyrolean, Styrian, and Polish songs, two of them by Chopin. These are followed by twenty-three characteristic specimens of Hungarian songs, giving a very fair idea of the peculiarities of Hungarian music, and comprising modern songs by Liszt, and some traditional songs of Bosnia, Moravia, and Dalmatia. The first of the Bohemian songs is the 'War-song of the Hussites,' once, it is believed, the national song of the country. A few specimens of Servian, Swiss, Greek, and even Turkish melodies. The last are very peculiar; and the peculiar intervals common to this and other Eastern music are claimed by some to have been handed down direct from the music of the ancient Hebrews."—*Figaro*.

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